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Love and Laughter.

In the days when earth was young,
Love and laughter roamed together;
Love took up his harp and sung,
Round him all was golden weather.
But there came a sign anon—
What will be when life is gone?
Laughter then would try his skill,
Sang of mirth and joy undying;
But he played his part so ill,
He set echo all a-sighing.
Ever came an undertone—
What will be when life is done?
Then for ever since that time,
Love no more can live with laughter;
For bright as is the summer-prime,
Winter pale will follow after—
Love henceforth must dwell with sighs;
Jog was left in paradise.

A BANK ROBBERY.

The Plot to Rob a Bank—Its Success and the Trouble the Thieves had with the Money—An Interesting Story.

The story of the Carbonate bank robbery as told by the *Seranton Republican* is one of the most interesting records of modern crimes, and reveals a plot so intensely dramatic that the details will amply repay perusal. It appears after the robbers had secured their prize they were in a regular quandary what to do with it. It was to their consciences as trying as the tenacious old man of the sea in the fable, and they were constantly removing it from place to place, stealing it from each other and sub-dividing it to silence grumbling accessories until it was considerably scattered.

There were two plots to rob the bank. The first contemplated its robbery at midnight. The night robbery was planned at meetings held in a coal mine a short distance from the city. There were ten men in this plot besides several outsiders. The plan originated about eight months ago. The parties to the plot noticed that old Mr. Stott used to work alone in the bank at night, and that Duggan, the chief of police, used to do duty as watchman at the bank, and in order to carry out the robbery successfully, it was necessary to put Duggan out of the way.

They then intended to go to the bank, rap at the door—so as to bring the cashier to the door—and then rush past and overpower him before he could use any firearms. Then they proposed to frighten him with pistols into opening the safe, and if necessary to dispatch him.

The meetings at which this design was matured were regularly and well attended, each participant in the plot going singly at the dead of night to the mine in which they were held and returning the same way. This plot fell through in consequence of two of the most prominent men withdrawing from it, because murder was contemplated. It was supposed that the bank contained from eighty to one hundred thousand dollars, and the thieves had set their hearts on a great haul. After this plot was frustrated, one of the active participants in it thought that there was a good chance for a daylight robbery of the bank. He noticed that Mr. Stott was in the habit of letting his two clerks go to dinner, while he remained alone in the bank. The last clerk left the bank precisely at noon, and the other left fifteen minutes before him, and for about twenty-five minutes the cashier was left alone. This fact, together with the isolated condition of the bank, which stands by itself, inspired the robbers with confidence of easily securing that for which they had worked so earnestly and well.

It was also discovered that Mr. Stott left the key sticking on the inside of the front door, and this it was intended to use in locking the door to prevent depositors or others from coming in during the robbery.

To the rear of the bank the directors' room is situated, and a door leads from this into the yard. They also discovered that the key was usually left in that door, and this they intended to use as a means of exit.

When this information was gained the leading plotters took all the present parties who are under arrest one by one into his project, including a miner, whose duty it was to receive the money from the robbers as they left the bank, for which purpose he was stationed in a convenient place. The meetings of this second robber band were held at the old graveyard near the bridge, at midnight, where amid the hush and the silence of the tombs, the plan of robbery and murder was freely discussed. The first daylight raid was contemplated for the fifth of January, but failed in consequence of the two men who were to enter the bank meeting a friend of their's just as they were about to enter, and so, knowing that he would suspect something, they turned away, and there the matter rested for the present, having been postponed until the next cold day.

The cold day was appointed because there would not be so many people on the street and the fact of a robber disguising his face would not excite any suspicion. Thus Jack Frost was taken in as another accomplice.

At the next meeting which was held in the graveyard, it was concluded that two of the party at present under arrest should start from the highworks, on Dundaff road, at exactly three minutes past twelve at noon and walk at their regular gait, down to the bridge crossing the Lackawanna river in the rear of the bank. Two of the other men were to be watchers, were to start precisely at the same time from a hotel in the opposite direction of the bank, and pass along one on each side of Main street, and to cast a glance into the bank as they passed by, so as to see that the

coast was clear, without hesitating, however. They were to walk right ahead until a point where Main street intersects a short street on which the bridge before alluded to is located, and where the first two men were expected to be stationed. If the coast was clear, the men who passed by the bank were to raise their hats slightly and walk on slowly without seeming to take notice.

The raising of the hats was the signal that all was right, and so as to make assurance doubly sure, another participant was stationed on Main street, to see that the clerks had left the bank at their appointed time.

This was to be done by signal; not a word was to pass between the plotters, and the raising of the hat was the universal token.

As the two men who started from the front of a certain hotel already referred to came within sight of Shepherd's corner, where the third lookout was stationed, they received the proper signal, passed up Main street, one on each side, as planned, and one being twenty feet in the rear of the other. On arriving within sight of the bridge they saw that their companions who were to enter the bank were at their post. The signal was given promptly, and those who were to enter the bank walked up to Main street, Bond being twenty feet in advance of the signal. The men who gave the signal retraced their steps slowly and remained in sight of the bank until they saw their accomplices enter and the window curtains pulled down to prevent parties from looking in. All watchers were to remain at their post for ten minutes, so that in case the robbers were intercepted, they could be on hand to prevent their arrest, and to use every means in their power to do so. At the end of the ten minutes they were to separate and each one to go to some store where he was acquainted, get into conversation with the storekeeper, and to remain with him constantly until the news came that the bank had been robbed. This was for the purpose of proving an alibi. They were if possible to call the storekeeper's attention to the time, so that in case they were suspected and arrested this could be proved too. And as soon as all hands engaged in the crime could conveniently do so, they were to hasten to the scene of the robbery, and be very energetic in hunting up the thieves.

That this compact was well carried out, is shown by the fact that two of the real robbers hired a sleigh, armed themselves with revolvers, and set out in search of the offending ones. On arriving at the depot they told the chief of police about two men whom they saw enter the train, and who looked to them as suspicious characters. The chief had the good sense to see that the parties were all right, and on this account did not arrest them. The party who was stationed to receive the money from the thieves met them as appointed.

On receiving the money this accessory carried it to the house of an accomplice, where it was buried in an ash-pile at the rear of the house. On the same evening it was removed by the robbers, who thought it too close to the house, and it was carried about a quarter of a mile distant in an old pillow case and buried in a heap of snow. Subsequently it was feared that the footprints in the snow would tell tales in case the officers came to make a search, and so that investment was not considered safe, and another removal planned. Accordingly, at midnight of the same night it was removed from the snow-pile and placed in a lath-pile located in the neighborhood. Another conference of all the robbers was held, and it was concluded that the lath-pile was also an unsafe investment, as parties engaged around the sawmill would be likely to discover it, and another removal was decided upon. So before daylight on the following morning, one of the robbers removed it to a closet in the rear of his dwelling. He shortly afterwards heard that he was suspected as one of the robbers, and this depository was considered unsafe, and the funds were transferred to a saloon and thrown under the counter.

Later on in the evening the money was removed to a hotel, where at midnight in the presence of all the robbers it was counted for the first time, when it was ascertained that if divided equally, allowing a percentage to outsiders who had a knowledge of the robbery, the share of each active participant would amount to about \$1,500. The entire amount was \$6,700.

The money was left in the hotel in its pillow case until the following Sunday, when it was concluded to remove it to what was considered a safer hiding-place. It was accordingly given to one of the robbers, who carried it to a small grocery store on the outskirts of the town, and lifting a portion of the floor buried it without the proprietor's knowledge. On account of the innocence of the storekeeper and the fact that the thieves might want the money at any time, it was again removed, and on this occasion carried into a coal mine about a mile from the mouth of the slope, and hidden in one of the chambers. "Here at least," said the thieves, "it is entirely safe." But subsequent events proved the fallacy of this belief. The money was regularly visited every day, and one fine morning it was discovered that other thieves were on the trail of the stolen treasure. This time it was the rats. They gnawed a hole in the pillow case, and were chewing Uncle Sam's greenbacks. Maledictions were freely poured out on the rodents and a notification was sent out for a full meeting of the thieves once more. Each was afraid to take charge of the money personally, and the raid of the rats led them to conclude that a division should be made at once.

Accordingly, while the other parties waited outside, two of the robbers entered the mine at midnight, obtained the money and conveyed it back to the grocery store already mentioned. As they were about to count it, they encountered an interruption, and they went up stairs into a cold room, leaving the money in a cracker barrel down stairs. The parties who caused the interruption were three old men who came in to sit down and smoke their pipes, as is customary in country stores. Presently they commenced a discussion on crackers, in the course of which the merits of good and bad ones brought forth a lively dispute, much to the annoyance of the men up stairs who overheard the story, who feared every moment that some of the disputants would go to the barrel, in which the money lay, to take a sample cracker to sustain his argument. The thieves were afraid that another division of the spoils would be necessary to shut the old men up, but fortunately the cracker controversy was cut short and another argument commenced. The disputants were long-winded, and no fire being up stairs the robbers were shivering with cold, and one of them proposed to go down and "clean the old men out." They finally left, having exhausted popular topics, and the thieves, trembling with the cold, descended and warmed themselves by the stove. The money was again removed from the cracker barrel, and it was about to be counted over again, when another rap at the door prevented it. The robbers on this occasion thought they would not run the risk of another freezing, and accordingly those that were not known in that section of the town pretended to be under the influence of liquor, and one of them laid his head on the knees of his confederate while those who interrupted remained in the store.

This interruption was caused by the wife of the proprietor of the store, who came in to get some potatoes which lay in the barrel next to that in which the money was re-deposited, and the thieves feared that the woman would put her hand into the wrong barrel, so they were again in agony until she left.

After her departure the door was locked, and the thieves resolved under no circumstances would any one be admitted until they counted their funds. The money was counted and divided without further interruption, and the party broke up at the peep of day, each setting out in a different direction for his home.

One of the parties set out for Binghamton, where he was captured a week later, and his share of the money found in a stable. Another was arrested at his house, and his share of the money was discovered in a snow bank, frozen over, at a short distance from his house; another portion of the money was recovered through the instrumentality of the third robber, it being concealed among his friends. The share of the fourth party was found in an earthenware jug in the cellar of his house.

There was subdivision of the money, also, into sums of fifty, one hundred and two hundred dollars, and a number of those who were engaged in the first plot for the proposed night-robbery suspecting those who were engaged in the actual robbery insisted on receiving their shares, and also black-mailed the successful thieves, until their shares dwindled down to very small proportions.

In addition to this the thieves began to steal from each other, and so succeeded in mixing up the different shares until it became a complicated problem to trace the actual sum in the possession of each one.

Stick to Your Farms.

The feeling that you are settled and fixed will induce you to go to work to improve your farm, to plant orchards, to set out shade trees, to inclose pastures, to build comfortable out-houses; and each successive improvement is a bond to bind you still closer to your homes. This will bring contentment in the family. Your wives and daughters will fall in love with the country, your sons will love home more than the grog-shop, and prefer farming to measuring tape or professional loafing, and you will be happy in seeing the contented and cheerful faces of your family.

Make your home beautiful, convenient and pleasant, and your children will love it above all other places; they will leave it with regret, think of it with fondness, come back to it joyfully, and seek their chief happiness around their home fireside.

Women and children need more than meat, bread and raiment; more than acres of corn and cotton spread out all around them. Their love of the beautiful must be satisfied; their tastes humored, not shocked. To accomplish this good end, home must be made lovely, conveniences multiplied, comforts provided, and cheerfulness fostered. There must be sunshine and shade, luscious fruits and fragrant flowers, as well as corn and cotton. The mind and heart, as well as the field, must be cultivated; and then intelligence and contentment will be the rule instead of the exception. Stick to, improve, and beautify your homesteads, for with this good work comes contentment.

WICKS OF KEROSENE LAMPS.—The unsatisfactory light frequently given by kerosene lamps is often due to the wick. The sifting of several quarts of oil through a wick, which stops every particle of dust in it, must necessarily gradually obstruct the pores of the wick. Consequently although a wick may be long enough to last some time, its conducting power may be so impaired that a good light cannot be obtained.

Origin of Salem Witchcraft.

During the winter of 1691-2, a circle of young girls was formed in Salem Farms, which met at the house of the Rev. Mr. Parris, for the practice of palmistry and fortune-telling, necromancy, magic, and spiritualism. In this circle there were (1) Elizabeth Parris, the minister's daughter, aged nine years, who at first had a leading part in the subsequent excitements, but was early removed from them by her father; (2) Abigail Williams, Parris's niece, living in his house, aged eleven; (3) Ann Putnam, aged twelve, daughter of the parish clerk and recorder, a prominent man at the Farms; (4) Mary Walcott, seventeen, daughter of Jonathan Walcott, Mr. Parris's next-door neighbor; (5) Mercy Lewis, seventeen; (6) Elizabeth Hubbard, seventeen, niece of Dr. Griggs, the village physician, and resident in his family; (7-8) Elizabeth Booth and Susannah Sheldon, each eighteen, belonging to families living near at hand; (9) Mary Warren, aged twenty, a servant in the family of John Proctor, who was brought to the scaffold by the girls; and (10) Sarah Churchill, a servant in the family of George Jacobs, Sr. Her employer also became their victim. With these ten, other persons were drawn to act. There were John Indian and Tituba, two slaves of Mr. Parris's, who probably were brought to the colony from the Barbadoes, and besides these, one or two others; but the girls, with the slaves, formed the circle, and were the leading characters in the events which have been a horror and mystery ever since they transpired. In those events these girls were bold and even vicious in their bearing, and evinced an utter absence of compunction or commiseration; except in one or two instances, displaying a complete disregard of the agony and destruction which they brought upon others.

In the course of the winter they became expert in the art they were learning. Gradually they came to exhibit their attainments to beholders. At first these exhibitions consisted of creeping into holes, and under benches and chairs; putting themselves into odd and unnatural postures, making wild gestures, and uttering incoherent and unintelligible sounds. They were seized with spasms, dropped insensible to the floor, or writhed in agony, pretending to suffer tortures, with loud and piercing cries. Naturally they began to draw upon themselves general attention. Soon they became to be styled "the afflicted children." In the early stages no explanation of their condition was so much as suggested by any one; but as soon as Dr. Griggs was called in, and had examined them, he declared them bewitched. In those days, and prior to those days, physicians frequently disposed of difficult cases which came before them by such a resort. The profession must bear its fair share of responsibility for succeeding occurrences. —*The Galaxy.*

The Irish Marketman.

It was the market day, and rainy, says the Danbury man in a letter from Ireland. I was up early, and from the coffee-room window could look down a street leading from the country into the market square. And up this street for a full hour the farmers struggled along with their produce. Each one had a little pony or donkey hitched to a low cart which appeared to have thills at each end, and on the cart were a half dozen or so of long bags filled with potatoes. Some of them had oats, and a few brought in hay or straw. The farmer appeared at the head of the animal with his hand on the bridle, while the wife either rode or walked behind. She wore a bluish cloak of freeze, which reached nearly to her feet, with a cape over her head. Some of them wore white caps under the cape, and red petticoats under the cloak. They were well-formed, healthy looking women, with faces and arms browned by out-door work. Some of them were very old and shriveled, and worn out by years of toil. This was their life: Toil all the week, and trudge into town every market day. The shriveled was once buxom, and the buxom could look at the shriveled and see the end as plainly as if she had already reached it.

The clerk of the market met them at the head of the street and collected their toll, and they passed on into the square and took up their position. Then the buyers came about and examined their produce, and shook their heads very despondently over the exhibit, as being so much inferior to what they had expected, but finally endeavored to look more hopeful, and at last offered, as an encouragement to farming, five per cent. under the market price. I wandered among them for an hour or more, listening to blarney, bickering and wit.

How Ice Freezes.

One of the officers at West Point recently resorted to the following experiment to determine whether the ice on rivers and creeks thickens on the bottom or on the top. He cut a hole in the ice opposite West Point, and bolted a piece of board to the under side. Examining it three or four days afterward he found the bolt head on the top just as he left it; and cutting through the ice found the board sandwiched between the upper layer of ice to which it had been bolted, and about four inches of solid ice which had formed underneath it, showing conclusively that ice thickens on the under-side, and not on the top.

On the plains of Texas is found a little flower called the "compass flower," which in all changes of wind and weather points its leaves invariably to the north.

A Horror of the Cold.

The particulars of a sad case of death by freezing have been received in this place from the town of Exeter, N. Y., during the intense cold weather that prevailed. The victims were three boys, named Patrick, Martin and Michael O'Brien, the first aged eight, the second ten and the third eleven years. They were brothers, living with their parents in Exeter. The father and mother are lazy and dissipated people, and live on the fruits of the labor of their children, who were seven in number. The four oldest made baskets and the three others just named traveled on foot about the country selling them.

The thermometer in the town of Exeter marked twenty-five degrees below zero. Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien told their three little children that they must start out with a lot of baskets. The boys begged to be allowed to wait until the weather moderated. They were poorly clad and barely able to keep warm in the miserable house in which the family lived.

The brutal parents forced them with threats and beatings, however, to go out with the baskets. They started in the direction of Westville, some miles distant, over a bleak and desolate road, hilly and in some places badly drifted. Each boy had a number of baskets tied to him reaching above his head. When last seen alive by any of the family they were struggling up the hill away from the house, two of them weeping bitterly. They never reached Westville.

The next morning a gentleman who was driving from Westville over the Exeter road saw the bodies of three children lying in the road. Each had a number of baskets tied around his body, and the largest of the three had his arms around the neck of the smallest. It needed but a glance to enable the gentleman to see that the boys were dead, and had doubtless been frozen to death. There were frozen tracks of tears on the cheeks of each one. The bodies were taken to Westville, where they were recognized as those of the three little basket peddlers who were well known throughout the section. They were taken home, and when it was learned that the little fellows had been driven out in the cold to sell their baskets the popular indignation was intense against the parents. If there is any legal punishment it will be invoked on the unnatural father and mother.

How to Settle Strikes.

The lesson taught by the present great strike in Massachusetts, and the still more extensive ones in Great Britain, says the *New York Times*, is of the highest importance to employers and operatives everywhere. It has justly been said of the thousands of colliers who recently "struck" in South Wales, that as the result of their strike neither capitalists nor laborers will attain any advantage which could not have been secured at the outset by the exercise of a little moderation and sacrifice. Precisely the same remark may with truth be made of the striking men and women and the capitalists in New England. Their irreconcilable attitude of the strikers has been productive of nothing but fresh obstinacy and misunderstandings on both sides. The property-owners, firmly established in their right to pay such wages as they choose to give for a certain amount and quality of labor, scoff at all violent and threatening efforts to change their determination, just as the master colliers in South Wales have for some weeks ridiculed the demonstrations of the fifteen thousand men who threaten to compel them. When employers and employed disagree in such times as the present, there is little sense in a prolonged struggle on either side. It is likely enough that justice may be fully gratified by that concession on both sides which can be gained only through the medium of arbitration. At the suggestion of the members of the Social Science Congress at Belfast, in Ireland, last year, a strike then in progress there was successfully settled by the arbitration court. There is no reason why the same effective and pacificatory method should not be adopted everywhere whenever disagreements occur between large numbers of operatives and the capitalists who employ them.

Farm Laborers.

There is a persistent decline in the numbers of those who till farms in Great Britain. By census returns, farm laborers had fallen in number from 958,000 in 1861 to 798,000 in 1871, or seventeen per cent. The Scotch decrease was not so large, being from 105,000 to 93,000, or about twelve per cent; still, there is a great decrease, for which it is difficult to account in some ways. The introduction of improved means of tillage can hardly have wrought so great a revolution as to enable so many hands to be dispensed with, and, in fact, the character of the cultivation does not change so fast nor so radically as many have supposed. The true cause of the change, beyond the effect of a superabundant rural population—superabundant for the work done—is to be found in the great labor-absorbing capacity of our cities and towns. The man with only his hands can find endless varieties of rough work in towns at better pay usually than the country districts can afford. Hence our towns become crowded with rusties, who, it is to be feared, often become degraded there, and do not a little themselves and their sickly progeny—to increase the poverty and wretchedness which breed to such a strange degree in all our cities, however prosperous.

The badgers in California are killing the lambs at a dreadful rate.

Items of Interest.

A little boy in Albany bit his tongue while rocking on a chair, and bled to death.

A bright boy recently told his teacher there were three sects, the male sect, the female sect, and insects.

Among the things sent to the starving people of Kansas was a tract, headed "The Wickedness of Gluttony."

Love linked with economy will carry a young couple a great deal more safely on the road of life than extravagance and show.

Next to Mont Cenis tunnel, the Hoosac is the longest in the world, being only 320 feet less than five miles in length.

Dried fruit is being shipped from Cortland, New York, to Germany. The other day fifteen tons of dried apples were sent.

After traveling up and down Europe, Col. Forney says the working people of America are the happiest and best paid on earth. They eat the white bread of the world.

An old toper chanced to drink a glass of water one day, for want of something stronger. Smacking his lips and turning to one of his companions, he remarked, "Why, it don't taste badly."

An improvident Danbury youth entertains a high appreciation for the State prison, which he regards as "the only place where a fellow is not dunned for his board and washing every Saturday night."

I hate anything that occupies more space than it is worth, says William Hazlitt; I hate to see a load of hand-boxes go along the street, and I hate to see a parcel of big words without anything in them.

Nurse—"My dear sir, just look here," taking the blanket from a fine pair of twins with which the master of the house had been presented. "Oh, yes," said the blushing young husband, "I suppose I can take my choice."

Spelling matches are in vogue this winter in Ohio, taking the place of other entertainments for grown folks. "One in Springfield was held in a large hall, was attended by a thousand persons, and the wife of a leading lawyer took the prize, which was a finely-bound dictionary. In many instances refreshments are sold, the profit going to churches or charities.

Anna Dickinson describes the new society bow, as executed by Washington ladies. She says that to bend the head, except to acknowledged superiors, is out of fashion. The lady looks you coolly in the face, smiles as sweetly as she can, and gently inclines her head toward the right shoulder, with a little backward movement at the same time. A slight Frenchy shrug heightens the effect.

A San Francisco wife by mistake took liquid ammonia, and it burned her mouth terribly. Her husband, upon hearing the doctor's opinion that she would not be able to speak for a month, said with intense and spontaneous fervor, "Thank God for that!" Later he explained that he meant to express gratitude for the probability of her recovery, but she did not seem to be entirely satisfied.

Where to Find Gold.

An exchange, referring to the serious losses in the silver mine stock speculations in the West, says: Our readers will find it a good rule to remember the words of Emerson, that they can find gold wherever they choose to dig for it. There have, no doubt, been many cases in the rise of petroleum, coal, gold, silver, copper and other industries where fortunate speculators have become suddenly rich. If people go into the purchase of mining stocks and other "property" as a speculation they must not complain if they fail. It is gambling. All gambling is based on chance. If people gamble and lose it is their own fault, committed with open eyes. The true way is, after all, to dig for gold and find it wherever fate places us; to dig for it by industry, thrift, economy, patience and good humor; not to buy what we do not want; not to sell what we do not have; not to purchase property on a margin in the hope that it will be worth so much more within six months. These simple rules underlying the success of our richest men will, if followed prudently, prevent these "Big Bonanza" excitements, and the suffering that so frequently happens with the collapse of petroleum wells and fanciful gold mining stocks.

Funeral Expenses.

Among the items of the accounts presented for the funeral expenses of Hon. Francis Malbone, a Senator from Rhode Island, who died in Washington in June, 1869, and whose remains were interred in the Congressional burial ground, are the following:

16 pounds crackers.....	\$3.60
11 pounds cheese at 25 cents.....	2.81
The committee to audit the contingent expenses of the Senate directed that payment be made for crackers, but rejected the claim for the cheese. The next voucher presented to them for their approval read thus:	
7 gallons best Madeira wine.....	\$28.00
4 gallons Cognac brandy.....	8.00
12 pounds almonds at 40 cents.....	4.80
10 pounds raisins at 50 cents.....	5.00
Of this account the committee would only allow "for four gallons wine and three quarts brandy, \$29," but they passed another voucher for "fourteen pounds of pound cake, \$7," purchased from Monsieur Julien, a confectioner, who also supplied "twelve pounds crackers."	